

DELA

OCT.-DEC.

10¢

BUCK JONES





**WEBCOMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

BREAKING the BRONCO

Illustrated by the
WESTERN ARTISTS' UNION



The saddle, which has been hanging over the corral rail so that the horse can get used to it, is now quietly slipped on his back and cinched. He may "buck the saddle," but not as hard as he might have earlier.



Bronc "busting" on a well-managed ranch is seldom an exciting event. The wise rancher knows that to "bust the bronc wide open" usually results in either "breaking the bronc's heart" or making a confirmed buckler of him. Every effort is made to break the bronc to ride without encouraging him to buck during the process. Therefore, he is first carefully roped.



After the bronc has learned to stop the second the rope tightens around his neck, he is introduced to the hackamore. Later, the hackamore is replaced with bridle and bit. He is, by now, losing his fear of the "buster."

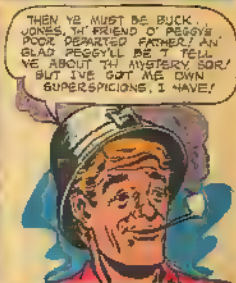
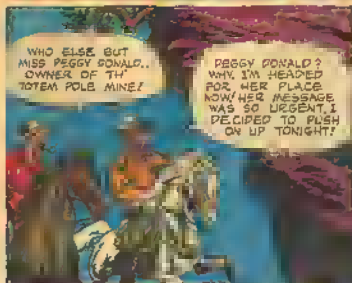
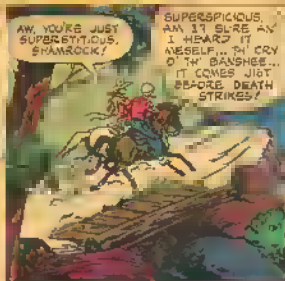


The bronc is forced to wear the saddle, at intervals, for several days, or until he becomes accustomed to its presence on his back and to the weight of the "buster" who often leans across it. When, at last, the "buster" crawls into the saddle, chances are he is accepted without a buck.











HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW SHAMROCK O'TOOLE, PEGGY?

SHAM WAS ONE OF DAD'S MOST FAITHFUL EMPLOYEES! WHY DO YOU ASK?



ONLY BECAUSE, IF I'M TO INVESTIGATE YOUR TROUBLE, I MUST KNOW EVERYTHING!

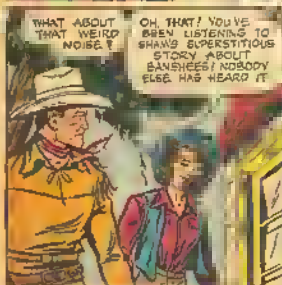
I UNDERSTAND, BUCK! BUT I'M SURE SHAM IS COMPLETELY TRUSTWORTHY! AND YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE YOUR HELP!

YOU SEE, ALREADY I'M BEHIND ON MY TONNAGE DELIVERIES TO THE SMELTER! I MIGHT EVEN LOSE MY CONSOLIDATED CONTRACT! THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN SENDING WAGONS DOWN AS SOON AS THEY ARE LOADED ...DAY OR NIGHT!



ACCORDING TO SHAM, HIGH GRADERS STEAL THE ORE FROM THE WRECKED WAGONS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GORGE!

THAT'S RIGHT BY THE TIME MY MEN REACH THE BOTTOM THERE'S NOT A POUND LEFT TO SALVAGE.



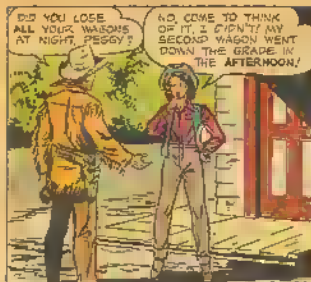
WHAT ABOUT THAT WEIRD NOISE?

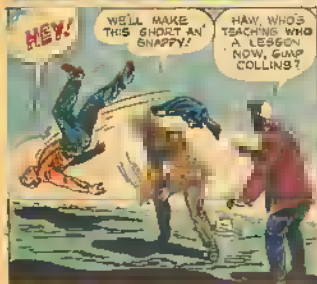
OH, THAT! YOU'VE BEEN LISTENING TO SHAM'S SUPERSTITIOUS STORY ABOUT BANISHES! NOBODY ELSE HAS HEARD IT!

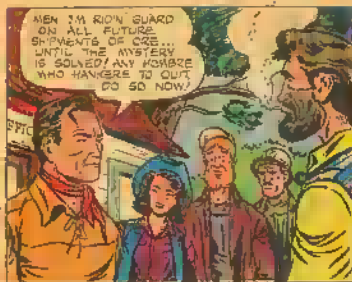


NO? MAYBE NONE OF YOUR UNLUCKY DRIVERS LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO TELL ABOUT THE NOISE!

OH, BUCK, THAT'S NONSENSE! IT TAKES MORE THAN SOME NIGHT-PROWLING ANIMAL'S CRY TO SCARE MY TEAMS!









GATER...

WELL, SHAM, LOOKS
LIKE YOU'VE BEEN
ELECTED TO DRIVE
THE ORE WAGON
DOWN! SCARED?

SURE AND
THAT I AM,
ME BOY!



YOU'VE GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY
ABOUT, WITH BILLY-B'D
AND ME ON HAND!

AYE, BUT YER
NO MATCH FOR
THEM CREATURES
WHOVE BEWITCHED
TH MINE!



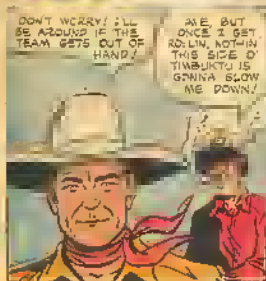
HOW FAR TO
BREAKNECK
CURVE, SHAM?

WE'LL BE AFTER
HITTIN' TH BIG,
STEEP GRADE
PRESENTLY! TH
BLASTED CURVE'S
HALFWAY DOWN!



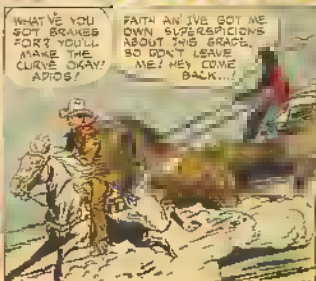
RECKON I'LL MOBBY ON AHEAD
AND LOOK IT OVER, SEEN AS
HOW THAT'S WHERE THE
ACCIDENTS ALWAYS HAPPEN!

WAIT NOW, MAN!
DON'T LEAVE ME
ALL ALONE!



DON'T WORRY! I'LL
BE AROUND IF THE
TEAM GETS OUT OF
HAND!

AYE, BUT
ONCE I GET
ROLLIN, NOTHIN
THIS SIDE O'
TIMBUKTU IS
GONNA BLOW
ME DOWN!



WHAT'VE YOU
GOT BRAKES
FOR? YOU'LL
MAKE THE
CURVE OKAY!
ADIOS!

FAITH AN' I'VE GOT ME
OWN SUPERSTITIONS
ABOUT THIS GRADE,
SO DON'T LEAVE
ME! MEY COME
BACK...!



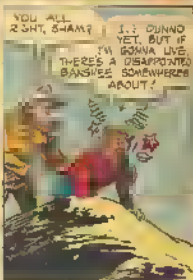
GANGSWAY!

WHOO, WHOO! EASY
NOW, CALM DOWN!



YOU ALL
RIGHT, SHAM?

I... DUNNO
YET, BUT IF
I'M GONNA LIVE,
THERE'S A DISAPPOINTED
BANSHEE SOMEWHERE
ABOUT!



WE LOST THE ORE AND
WAGON BUT LUCK SMILED
ON YOU AND THE
HORSES SHAM!

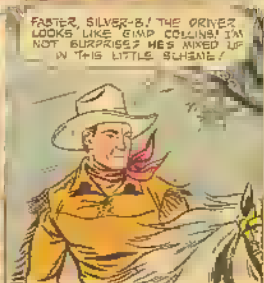
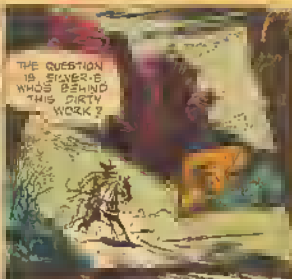
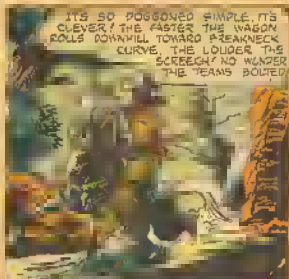
FAITH AN' I'M
NOT PRESSIN'
MY LUCK NO
FURTHER BUCK!
LET'S GET
OUTA HERE!

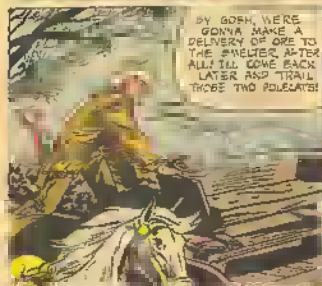
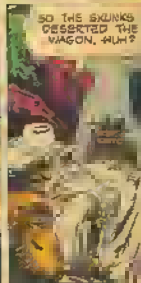
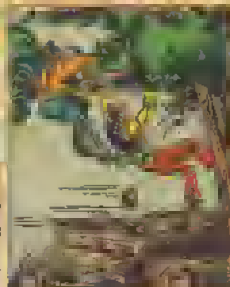


TAKE THE TEAM
BACK TO THE MINE!
I'M GOIN TO FIND A
WAY DOWN INTO
THE GORGE AND
LEARN WHAT SPOOKED
THE HORSES!

HUH? IF YE
DONT RECOGNIZE
A BANSHEES
WAIL WHEN AFTER
YER HEARIN' IT,
THEN YELL HAVE
T' LEARN IT TH'
HARD WAY!







HOURS LATER, BUCK JONES APPROACHES THE SMELTER ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF COPPERVILLE...



ASSAYER'S OFFICE
ADAM SNEED, PROP.

HI, STRANGER!
WHO ARE YOU?

BUCK JONES...
WITH ORE
FROM THE
TOTEY POLE
MINE!

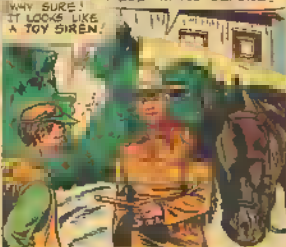


DON'T TELL
ME PEGGY
FINALLY GOT
A WAGONLOAD
THROUGH
SAFELY!

THAT'S CORRECT, MISTER
SNEED! WILL YOU TAKE
CHARGE OF IT? I'VE
GOT, A LITTLE BUSINESS
IN TOWN!

(BY THE WAY, DID YE'VER SEE ONE OF
THESE THINGS BEFORE?

WHY SURE!
IT LOOKS LIKE
A TOY SIREN!



SEEMS TO HAVE
BEEN IN A
FIRE, TOO!

IT WAS! AND, THERES
GONNA BE SOME FIRE-
WORKS WHEN I FIND
OUT WHO USES THEM
TO WRECK ORE WAGONS!



IF I SCOUT AROUND
HERE IN TOWN, MAYBE
I CAN LEARN WHERE
THIS SIREN CAME FROM!



PRESENTLY...

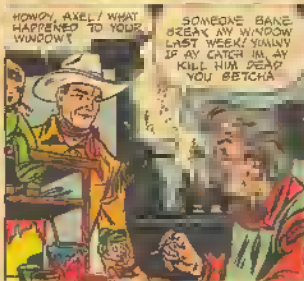


WHOA,
SILVER. I
THINK I'VE FOUND
THE PLACE I'M
LOOKIN' FOR!

AXEL OLAFSON
TOYMAKER



HMM, AXEL SURE MAKES
A HEAP OF PLAYTHINGS.
WELL, LET'S HAVE A LOOKSEE!



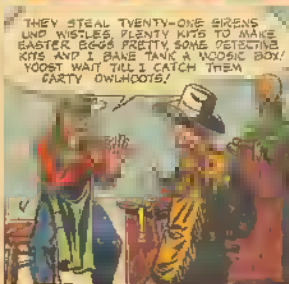
HOOOY, AXEL! WHAT
HAPPENED TO YOUR
WINDOW?

SOMEONE BANE
BREAK MY WINDOW
LAST WEEK! YUMMY
IF AY CATCH IM, AY
KILL HIM DEAD
YOU BETCHA



UH, DID THEY STEAL ANY
TOY SIRENS?

YAH, SURE! THEY
STEAL PLENTY
THINGS! BUT NO
ONE CATCH T-
E PARTY CROOKS
YAT!



THEY STEAL TWENTY-ONE SIRENS
AND WHISTLES, PLENTY KITS TO MAKE
EASTER EGGS PRETTY, SOME DETECTIVE
KITS AND I BANE TANK A MOOSIC BOX!
YOOST WAIT TILL I CATCH THEM
PARTY OWLHOOTS!



YOU WANT
TO BUY SOME
OYS NABBE
WISTER?

NOPE, I'M NOT BUYIN' TODAY,
AXEL. JUST WANTED SOME
INFORMATION. THANKS AND...
ADIOS!

WATER AT THE
TOTEM POLE NINE...

HI, PEGGY! WELL I RECKON
I SOLVED PART OF THE
MYSTERY! DO YOU KNOW
WHAT MADE THE TEAMS
BOLT ON THE GRADE?

YES TOY
SIRENS!

WAA, NEWS SURE
TRAVELS FAST IN
THIS COUNTRY!

SNEED THE ASSAVER,
AT THE SHELTER, TOLD
MY NEIGHBOR, STEVE
BORDEN! HE DROPPED
BY WITH THE NEWS
SOME TIME AGO!

I'M SO HAPPY YOU EXPOSED
THE PHONY JUNK, BUCK! MY MEN
HAVE ALL COME BACK TO WORK
...ALL EXCEPT GIMP COLLINS,
WHO QUIT, AND HIS BEARDED
PAL, ITCHY, WHO'S DISAPPEARED!

BUT I'M NOT THROUGH
YET, PEGGY! I MUST
LEARN WHO RIGGED
THE WAGONS WITH THE
STOLEN SIRENS...AND WHY!

I THINK GIMP COLLINS
AND ITCHY WERE THE
HOMBRES WHO GRABBED
THE ORE AT THE BOTTOM
OF THE GORGE! I LOST
THEIR TRAIL WHEN I
WENT BACK LATER!

DO YOU
THINK
THEY'RE
WORKING FOR
SOMEBODY
ELSE?

I SURE DO, PEG!
AFTER I GRAB A
BITE TO EAT, I'M
GONNA DO SOME
MORE SNOOPING!

OKAY, BUCK
WITH YOU ON THE
JOB, I'M SURE I'LL
FULFILL MY
CONSOLIDATED
CONTRACT NOW!

WHILE BUCK IS EATING, STRANGE EVENTS
HAPPEN INSIDE THE TOTEM POLE MINE...



WHAT
TH-?

HELP! DON'T
LET TH DEMON
GIT NEAR ME!

YIPE!
I'M SEEIN
THINGS!

LEMME OUTA
HERS! LEMME
OUT! THIS
PLACE'S
CURSED!

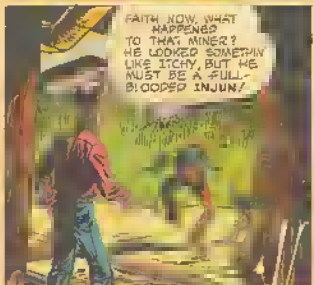


LEMME OUT!
YAAAH,
I'M DYIN!



SHUT UP YE
BLITHERIN'
IDIOT! WHAT'S
TH MATTER
WITH YE?

LOOK AT ME! I
TURNED RED IN
THAT BLASTED
MINE! MY HAIR
FELL OUT... M'
BEARD DROPPED
OFF! LEGGO, I'M
GETTIN OUTA
HERE!

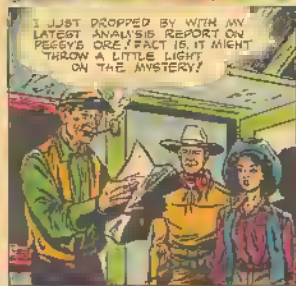


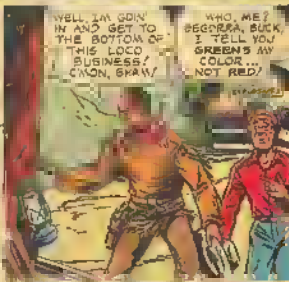
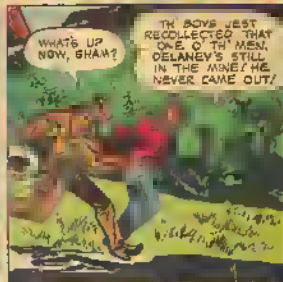
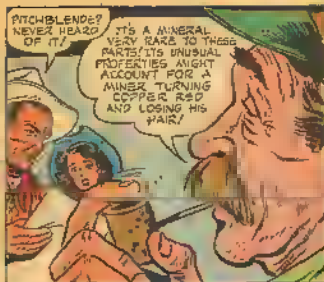
FAITH NOW, WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THAT MINER?
HE LOOKED SOMETHIN
LIKE ITCHY, BUT HE
MUST BE A FULL-
BLOODED INJUN!




I SEEN I'M WITH MY
OWN EYES! SKIN AS
RED AS COPPER...
AN' NOT A BLOOMIN'
HAIR LEFT ON
HIS BODY!

SHAM O'TOOLE.
TELL MRS DONALD
WERE THROUGH
FER KEEPS!
THIS MINES
HOODOGOS!







HEY, ANYBODY
IN HERE? HALLOO...!


SR, LET'S GO BACK,
ME BOY! SURE NOW,
IF DELANEY WAS IN
THIS DRIFT, HE'D YELL
HIS LUNGS OUT!



HELP!




HERE...
HERE I AM!

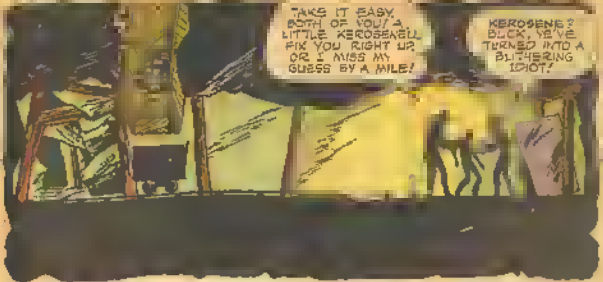


SAINTS PRESERVE US!
IT'S DELANEY, RED AS
A BLISTER AN' RAW AS
A BILLIARD BALL
SO HELP ME!

WHAT HAPPENED
MAN?




I-I DUNNO!
SOMEBODY CONKED
ME ON TH HEAD
RIGHT AFTER ITCHY
GOT STRICKEN!
NOW LOOKIT ME!
I'M AN INDIAN




TAKE IT EASY,
BOTH OF YOU! A
LITTLE KEROSENE'LL
FIX YOU RIGHT UP
OR I MISS MY
GUESS BY A MILE!

KEROSENE?
BLUCK, YE'VE
TURNED INTO A
BLITHERING
IDiot!




THERE—YOU SEE? IT'S
ONLY VEGETABLE DYE...
THE KIND THEY USE
FOR COLORIN' EASTER
EGGS!


DYE? BUT
WHO DID IT?
WHERE'S
DELANEY'S
HAIR?



THAT'S WHAT I AM
TO FIND OUT! TAKE
DELANEY OUT AND
LET THE OTHER MINERS
SEE IT'S A HOAX!
AND HOLD SNEED, THE
ASSAYER, IF YOU
CAN FIND HIM!

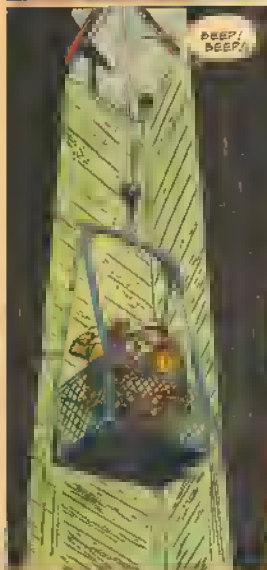
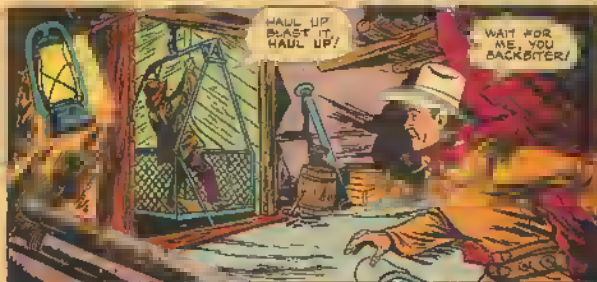


SOMEBODY HAD
TIME TO GIVE
DELANEY A FAST
SHAVE WHILE HE WAS
UNCONSCIOUS, AND
TO SNEAK DYE ON
HIS HEAD AND ARMS!
UH—OH....!



IT'S A
PHONY BLOND
END! NOW WE'RE
GETTIN'
SOMEWHERE!







WELL, I'LL BE A LOADED
FUZZTAIL! WHAT IN
THE WORLD IS ALL
THIS FURNITURE DOIN'
SITTIN' OUT HERE?

BUCK JONES

in

**BULLETS and
GROWIN' PAINS**

HAVEN'T YOU GOT BETTER
MANNERS THAN TO BARGE
INTO A HOUSE WITH YOUR
SHOES ON, SILVER-3?

YES SIR THE STARS AND
SKY MAKE A PLUMB HEAL -
ROOF AND...UH...OH NOW WHAT?

ZING

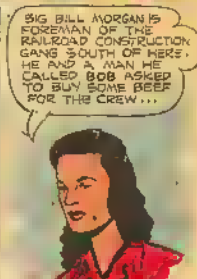
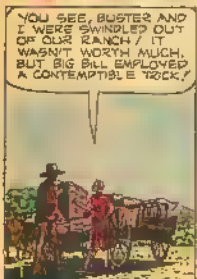
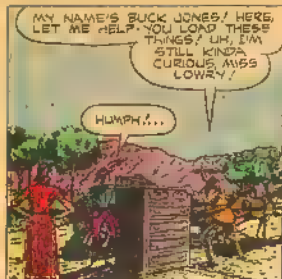
BUSTER, STOP IT!
YOU DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHO HE IS!

WHO CARES?
HE'S POKIN'
AROUND
OUR THINGS.
AIN'T HE,
SIS? THAT'S
ENOUGH
FOR ME!

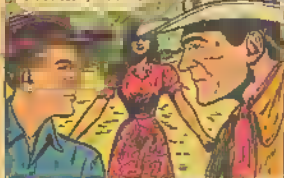
ZECKON I DESERVED THAT WARNIN' SHOT
FOR TRESPASSIN', MA'AM! I WAS JUST

I'M AFRAID BUSTER
MISTOOK YOU FOR ONE
OF BIG BILL MORGAN'S
ROWDIES, STRANGER!
I'M CORA LOWRY!

CURIOUS,
THAT'S ALL!



JUDGE LARSEN ADVISED ME THAT
MY ACCEPTANCE OF THE MONEY
MADE THE SIGNED PAPERS LEGAL!
SO...WELCOME TO
OUR OUTDOOR
HOME, BUCK!
AW, SIS
DON'T KNOW
NOTHIN' ABOUT
BUSINESS, MISTER!



YOU TWO KIDS NEED SOME HONEST
HELP AND ADVICE, BUT FIRST YOU
WANT A PLACE TO BUNK! I'LL
TAKE YOU TO A HOUSE THAT HAS
A RIVER FOR A BASEMENT, INSTEAD
OF A SKY FOR A
CEILING!



LATER... YOU'LL LIKE MA
NEWTON, CORA! SHE
LIVE IN A HOUSEBOAT ON THE
SNAKE RIVER NEAR HERE! SHE'LL
TAKE YOU IN FOR A SPELL!



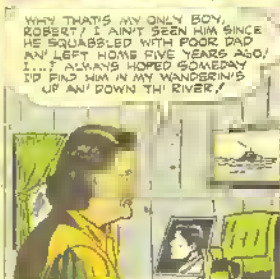
LEASTWISE, SHE'LL TAKE
YOU IN TILL SHE GETS
ITCHY FEET AND
MOSEYS ON DOWN
THE RIVER! SHE
NEVER STAYS
LONG IN ONE
SPOT!



HOWDY, MA
NEWTON! GOT
VISITORS FOR
YOU!

WHY BUCK JONES, YOU OLD
SCALAWAG! CLIMB DOWN AN'
BRING YOUR FRIENDS IN! I
WAS GETTIN' UNCOMMONLY
LONESOME!





THERE, THERE, HONEY! MY ROBERT NEVER WAS A BAD BOY! HE WOULDN'T HARM A FLY! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, BABY!

BUT IT WAS YOUR SON MA!
OH, DEAR WHAT SHALL WE TELL BUCK?



BUCK? OH, LAND'S SAKE! HE DOESN'T KNOW IT MIGHT BE MY SON WHO WAS WITH BIG BILL MORGAN! WHAT IF HE HURTS ROBERT?

IT'LL SERVE YOUR BOY RIGHT... FOR HELPIN' HIS BOSS STEAL OUR SPREAD, THAT'S WHAT!



HONEY, WE MUST STOP BUCK JONES SOME WAY! BUT HOW? HE'S SO RILED UP!

SOMEBODY'LL JUST HAVE TO TELL HIM WHO BOB IS! AT LEAST, WE MUST GIVE YOUR SON A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN!



BUSTER, IT'S UP TO YOU! RIDE TO THE RANCH! TELL BUCK TO BRING BOB HERE, SO WE CAN THRESH THIS BUSINESS OUT!

AW, BEANS!



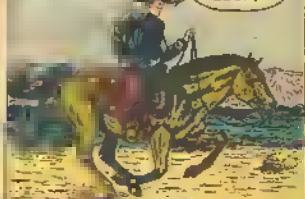
PLEASE HURRY BUSTER!

TELL BUCK I SENT YOU, SON! BUCK'LL DO ANYTHIN' FOR ME! BUT JUST HURRY!



HMM...

THEM WOMEN MUST THINK I'M PLUMB LOCO! BOB NEWTON'S AS BAD AS BIG BILL MORGAN! I'D LIKE TO SEE BUCK PUT HIM AWAY FOR GOOD!



MEANWHILE, AT THE RANCH....

HMM, A HORSE AT THE RAIL!
EITHER BIG BILL OR HIS STOOGES.
BOB, IS INSIDE!



RAILROAD
PROPERTY?

THAT'S WHAT I
SAID! TH' RAIL-
ROAD BOUGHT
THIS LAND FROM
ME FOR A
RIGHT-O-WAY!



BY LOOKIN' AT
YOU, I JUDGE
YOU'RE BIG
BILL!

WHAT? HEY, WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT'RE
YOU DOIN' HERE ON
RAILROAD PROPERTY?



SO THAT'S WHY YOU CHEATED
CORA LOWRY OUT OF HER
RANCH! YOU KNEW ALL THE
TIME THE RAILROAD WAS
COMIN' THROUGH AN'
WOULD PAY
BIG MONEY
FOR IT!

HEY,
LEGGO
ME...

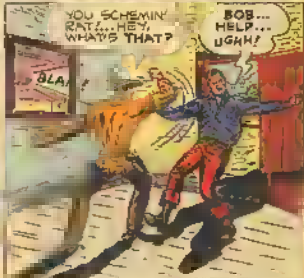


NOT TILL I'M
FINISHED WITH YOU
...AN' YOUR PAL,
BOB...WHEREVER
HE IS!



YOU SCHEMIN'
RAT!...HEY,
WHAT'S THAT?

BOB...
HELP...
UGH!







BREAKING the BRONCO

Copyright 1911, by
Western Publishing Union, Inc.



RUNNING
BUCK

In earlier years, the most common way to break a bronc was to destroy his spirit with spur and quirt. Although these methods have largely been abandoned, we occasionally see the results produced when they are used and a real bucking bronc is born. His tricks will range from a simple "crow-hop" to the violent, liver-scaring "sun-fishing."



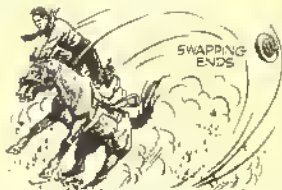
SUNFISHING

When "sun-fishing," a bronc combines a jarring pitch with a whip-like, side-to-side jerk of his body. This snapping action takes place between the leap and the teeth-jarring landing of the pitch, in seesaw effect.

BACK FALL
OR SITTING
DOWN

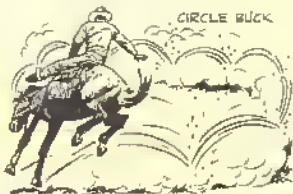


If the "sun-fishing" bronc accomplishes a complete end-for-end swing during the whip-like action, he has graduated to the "swapping ends" school of bucking. If he spins farther than half-around, he is a "corkscrew" bucking devil.



SWAPPING
ENDS

If a bronc bucks in long, jerking pitches around a circle thirty or forty feet in diameter, he is performing the hated "running-buck." By leaning inward and bucking fast, he makes the rider dizzy, then he suddenly changes directions or "swaps ends."



CIRCLE BUCK

